10¢ JULY 10, 1950

New Republic

KOREAN BATTLE

I. IMPROVISATION HAS FAILED

By WILLIAM COSTELLO

II. TO PUT OUR OWN HOUSE IN ORDER

AN EDITORIAL

III. TRUMAN'S "LOYAL OPPOSITION"

By HAROLD L. ICKES

LATTIMORE'S "PIVOT OF ASIA"

Reviewed by THEODORE H. WHITE

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Letter from Australia

The *New Republic*
New York, U. S. A.

May 27, 1950

Dear Sirs:

I am reluctantly compelled to discontinue my subscription to your journal. In doing so I should like to make it clear that my only reason is one of personal finance. . . .

One subscription is neither here nor there from your point of view and you cannot be expected to take any particular notice of the fact that mine is being withdrawn. But after all, it is the support of your readers which keeps your magazine in existence and, apart from the very great value of your weekly to myself, I have liked to think that I could make my small personal contribution to your journal.

I have admired the spirit of "New Republic" tremendously, and it helps to keep alive one's faith in one's kind to know that there are men who will fight with courage and conviction for the principles of humanity and decency, particularly in these days when so many are interested in promoting hysteria and ill will. During the four years in which I have been reading "New Republic" I have had a heartwarming impression of "belonging" to your fellowship, and Michael Straight, Bruce Bliven, Percy Winner, Harold Ickes, Helen Fuller—well, why go on, they are all so good!—your excellent book reviewers (what a panel, when you turn the names over in your mind!), all seem to me like personal friends.

Furthermore, it seems important to me for *us* to understand *you* in these times. . . . I have happy memories of associations with Americans on a landing ship during the war years. Well, if your nation is to take the leading role—for a while, at any rate—it is nice to know there are enough people like-minded over there to keep such journals as yours in existence. In parting company, I want you to know you have my very warmest good wishes.

Yours faithfully,

—AN AUSTRALIAN READER

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

KOREA, of course, has changed everything. It started with what is now known technically as The Night of the Big Gloom. On the evening of Monday, June 26, anybody who was Anybody in Washington knew what Truman was going to do; he was going to appease. Weak, vacillating Truman was going to pass the buck to the United Nations and offer them, as someone sardonically put it, "all aid short of help."

This sounds funny in view of what happened, but the gloom was real and, for some, tragic. Informed observers were saying, "*This* is the test. The time will not come again. Nations that do not read history repeat history. If we do not take a stand against this flagrant affront to the United Nations now, nothing will ever stop Russia or World War III."

At 12:07 Tuesday noon, when Truman's executive order hit the wires, Washington took a new look at the President. It found that he had fooled them even more than he did on Election Day, 1948.

It is queer how Truman is constantly underestimated; we can't try to explain it now. Maybe it is his congenital mildness, his buoyancy and shopkeeper affability. Any President's popularity soars, of course, if he takes a strong stand in a foreign crisis, but unless we completely misjudge the man, partisanship was the last thing he thought of. The mood of pathetic fatalism vanished as America came together in an almost unprecedented moral unity, and watched member after member of the United Nations fall in behind her. So Woodrow Wilson's dream came true.

Probably it was Acheson, the man some called "pro-Communist," who turned the tide. He knew what the world stakes were and had the President's ear. Suave, aristocratic, elegant—there have been few such figures as Secretary of State. We made note that at his momentous press conference last week Acheson wore a dashing yellow bow tie, studded with brown polka dots like an over-enthusiastic speckled trout. Well, in its great crisis the American government is not dressed in funeral black. Indeed, there is some indication of a conscious assumption of calm and nonchalance in the official manner. Truman is carefully relaxed. Wall Street may have the jitters, but not Acheson. It is a time for national strength and steadiness. Maybe a bow tie is as symbolic of customary mood and American aplomb as anything.

In one sense the Tuesday pronouncement was a diplomatic masterpiece, sterilizing Formosa and the Republicans simultaneously. The political opposition was left to the *Daily Worker* and the Chicago *Tribune*, and it is not the first time that this strange couple has shared a bed. Bob Taft was unhappy about it all, too, and why not?—where were the GOP arguments that were to win the election?

Washington experiences the profound psychic satisfaction of replacing hesitation with vigorous action. There is some question whether uncomfortable realities in the Korean situation are not being disregarded in the first exhilaration. What Koreans, North and South, seem to want above all else is unity; the arbitrary line along the 38th Parallel is one of the most cruel and preposterous in history. It is not America's fault, but it is there, and it makes the sundered Southern republic an economic monstrosity. Furthermore, if reports are correct, Russia in the North has had better propaganda success than America has had in the South. It is hard for us to face up to the difficulty a capitalistic democracy faces in trying to proselytize a primitive people. Can we win the world and keep free enterprise, too? Sooner or later we must recognize the fact that wars are not won merely by guns but by ideas.

McCarthyism may take another form in the war crisis; it may fasten, for instance, on the proposed Mundt-Nixon bill, which is as obnoxious a measure as has popped up for a long time. This is the streamlined anti-sedition bill calling

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for the registration not merely of all Communists but of all so-called "front" organizations and their membership, too, whether subversive or just gullible. Republicans are seeking desperately for an issue, Truman's popularity has jumped, McCarthyism is away back on page 36, resistance to higher taxes is ameliorated by patriotic impulse, Taft-Kem-Wherry isolationism is exposed for the silly thing it is—what is there left? Well, there is left the possibility of great patriotic breast-beating and Red scares. The Mundt-Nixon bill has been indorsed by the GOP Senate Policy Committee. Senator Kilgore (D, W. Va.) says this bill could be used against labor, could in fact be twisted by a hostile prosecutor to cover almost anyone.

Secretary of Commerce Sawyer would probably have fired John S. Service long ago in what he has called the interest of "good administration." That is what Sawyer undertook to do to two of his own employees accused of disloyalty and awaiting formal hearings. The State Department did not act that way. Now the Department's Loyalty Security Board has again cleared Service and passed the case up to higher authority for another review. Somebody has counted the Service investigations so far; he has been cleared, to date, by four loyalty boards, one federal grand jury and one "runaway" New York grand jury. There is no reason why it should stop here, either. McCarthy says the affair is just a "whitewash" and he will start proceedings all over again if the Republicans ever take power.

Notes. The State Department sighed with relief at the "soft" note from Moscow after the Korea incident started; general belief was that it meant no major war at present. . . . Ever since 1945, observers have been dreading a new veterans' bonus drive; nearest thing to it so far is Congressional favoritism to veterans in the Post Office. House haste in overriding Truman's veto of a bill favoring 100,000 PO vets indicates what might happen if the 15 million veterans all pushed together. . . . How could Moscow know the Administration would be firm in the Korean crisis when Washington itself guessed wrong?

Washington T. R. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

Tactics for Germany

SIR: Percy Winner's articles on the foreign situation are the best that I find in current literature. He seems to see clearly the trend of events, and to vizualize the outcome. I usually agree with his point of view, but occasionally I am unable to do so. His article on the future of Germany (the *NR*, June 12) is an instance.

Winner advocates the permanent partition of Germany, and tells how it could be done. He says that "a great, united Germany would eventually dominate, overwhelm and overrun Western Europe."

All I know about the situation in Germany and Western Europe is what I read. But I do know much about human nature, and I do not believe that Germany can be *permanently* divided. Reasons:

1. Germany, as it existed before the war, was one "body." . . . The West was highly industrialized—the East was the "breadbasket." That situation still exists.

2. All Germany is bound together by blood relationships. Every family in the East has relatives in the West. . . . They will want to work together.

3. When foreign control is removed, as it must be sooner or later the two sections will gravitate toward each other. . . . Nothing can keep them apart except superior power. When that power is withdrawn, they will disregard the dividing line. . . .

4. Before the war, Germany's greatest problems were overcrowding and lack of raw materials. She will now be more crowded than ever, and she has lost her colonies, which gave her people a chance to migrate and were a source of some raw materials and markets. The Germans will not only want to get together for mutual aid, but will feel the need for coöperative effort to "expand."

5. The Germans are the most resourceful people in Europe, and will come to dominate the "Federation of Western Europe" economically, if not politically, no matter what precautions are taken. . . .

6. There is Berlin, the pride of all Germans, located in the "East." After the occupation forces leave, how long will Germans in the "West" be satisfied to be separated from their beloved city?

7. Adenauer, American puppet, who you say was elected by a one-vote majority, and that a shady one, may favor division, but that does not prove that the *people* do.

Does it not appear that, if America succeeds in "cementing West Germany to Western Europe," it will not prevent East and West from reuniting and becoming the dominating factor in Europe? If that should occur, what could prevent Germany from withdrawing from the federation and following her own course? Then we should have had all of our trouble for nothing.

Is there not some other course that could be followed? One that would lead to a happier end? . . .

Downey, Calif. C. ROCKWELL PETTES

"Scared Rabbits"

SIR: Twice, in a rather long life filled with much speaking, I have had contracts canceled at the last moment. Both were by teachers colleges, the most recent being in connection with the Bloomsburg State Teachers College in Pennsylvania at its last commencement.

Apparently the trustees put pressure on the president. The initiative seems to have been taken by local Republicans who did not want to have prospective teachers exposed to a Socialist, no matter on what subject he might speak.

The Republican Governor of Pennsylvania, in a letter to me, condemned the action, and I got other evidence of support from the community and the students.

Nevertheless, I venture to think that what happened to me is significant of an unusually wide area of preventive censorship under which state teachers colleges suffer as do no other educational institutions. They train second-class citizens, an order of scared rabbits.

New York City NORMAN THOMAS

Secretary for Peace

SIR: We are looking to you to get Senator Alexander Wylie's (R, Wis.) bill for a Secretary of Peace out of committee and one of our Congresswomen appointed to this most important post.

Secretary of Defense shows the way to war. We need a Secretary of Peace to point out peaceful solutions for world problems. Women will resist sacrificing young men's physical and moral lives to protect rich old men's foreign investments.

Chicago, Ill. A. HEWLETT

Mud-Slinging

SIR: I have appreciated particularly your coverage of "McCarthyism" over the last few weeks. Your articles of April 17, "Lattimore Strikes Back," and of May 1, "Acheson on McCarthy," I found enlightening and I agree thoroughly that the Senator from Wisconsin should have more proof before smearing the names of prominent citizens.

However, I think the column in the April 10 issue by Harold Ickes, "A Decoration for Mr. McCarthy," is carrying things a little too far in the other direction. Mr. Ickes is pulling a "McCarthy" when he uses the same mud-slinging tactics to fight back. The Senator's past has nothing whatsoever to do with the issue whether or not there are Communists in high government positions. . . .

Enid, Okla. ALLEN F. KIFER

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VOLUME 123, NUMBER 2, ISSUE 1858, NEW YORK CITY, JULY 10, 1950 **New Republic**

TO PUT OUR OWN HOUSE IN ORDER

A WEEK'S TIME has brought into focus many aspects of the Korean situation and American Far Eastern policy. First of all, any rosy optimism that the fighting would be brief and easy is now dispelled.

By July 3 the South Korean army appeared to be on the verge of disintegration; it was certain that the bulk of the fighting must be done by United Nations forces, which, of course, means chiefly those of the US. President Truman's sending in the Army to supplement the Air Force and the Navy was accepted as hardly more than an incident. It is true now, as it always has been, that once it begins, every war no matter what its original purpose or how limited the intentions of one of the belligerents, immediately turns into a war to the bitter end.

At the same time, it still appeared likely, by July 2, that Russia did not intend formally to enter the war. Her declaration that she could not interfere in the internal affairs of another country seemed to the West grotesquely hypocritical; and the comment of her North Korean puppet that South Korea had started the fighting but the UN must not be permitted to interfere, seemed a piece of unconscious humor. Nevertheless, it was welcome news that Russia herself seemed likely to stay out. She did not need to come in; to aid the North Koreans she could use, if necessary, many thousands of Chinese Communist troops, which by Oriental standards are highly trained and well equipped. As we write, there are unconfirmed reports that some of these troops are already massed along the North Korea-Manchuria border. The American intelligence service ought to know if these reports are true; but that it does is doubtful. In spite of Admiral Roscoe Hillenkoetter's frenzied attempts to justify the Central Intelligence Agency, it is clear that our people were caught napping this time about as completely as they were at Pearl Harbor.

Conservative Republicans are saying that our present Far Eastern policy represents a complete somersault; but this is true only in a limited and partial sense. It is a fact that we had not intended to attempt to defend South Korea; President Truman alone made the decision that Communist aggression must now be halted; and the almost unanimous approval of the non-Communist world shows that he was right in a political sense, though the sudden reversal of policy has caused some rather frantic military improvisation. In terms of American grand strategy in a full-scale war against Russia, the previous policy which the President overturned was of course correct. In such a war, the Korean Peninsula could be only another Bataan. Indeed, unless secret new weapons have completely altered military strategy in some way of which civilians are not aware, Japan herself might be a liability in such a war.

Has our policy toward Formosa been reversed, as Chiang Kai-shek's fanatical American admirers are insisting? We now intend if we can to prevent the capture of the island by the Chinese Communists, whose preparations for invasion are reported to be far advanced. But in spite of efforts to make it seem something else, President Truman's directive is aimed at a truce between the Chinese factions; it even benefits the Communists somewhat, by ordering an end to Nationalist air attacks on shipping bound for Communist ports. The notion of the American die-hards that we can somehow all by ourselves throw the Communists out of China and restore to power over 400 million people the hated, corrupt and fascist Chiang regime is too fantastic for sober men to take seriously. As for Formosa itself, obviously, when the fighting is over, it should be given to neither Japan or China but should be put under a United Nations mandate with the eventual aim of giving the Formosans what they want and are entitled to have: complete independence.

The change in our Far Eastern policy is even smaller when we come to the Philippines. Here, as in Korea, the US-sponsored regime is slowly collapsing in a welter of inefficiency and corruption, and is in great danger from the Philippine Communists, the Huks, who undoubtedly are supported and directed from Moscow. To have the Philippines in Communist hands would be a most serious blow at our strategy. We shall therefore give military support to, and rehabilitate, the Quirino government.

As to French Indo-China, our policy is unchanged, and this aspect of our Far Eastern strategy is the most dubious of all. We are fighting the Communist forces of Ho Chi-minh, as is inevitable, given all the circumstances; but we are also supporting France and her puppet, Bao Dai, a disreputable individual in a disreputable job. France is now probably the worst of all the European colonial powers; she clings to Indo-

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China mainly for purposes of economic exploitation.

By tying ourselves to the French and their ignoble purposes, we are doing ourselves great harm among the people of every Asiatic country; we bring into question the UN blessing bestowed on our crusade in Korea; we greatly hamper any native support in Indo-China for the campaign against Ho. And most of this is quite needless. The people of French Indo-China are also entitled to independence and freedom, to be guaranteed and in the first years actively aided, by the UN. A firm declaration by President Truman that this is our aim would be worth many divisions in the field. The conservative clique which rules France would not like it; but it is in no position to exercise a veto.

Here at home even a week's time has been enough to show us that we must fight hard against the business-as-usual, guns-*and*-butter, psychology. Already, people are arguing that we must not put into effect the mobilization plan of the National Security Resources Board which, despite the coyness of Chairman Stuart Symington, is certainly in shape to be introduced as a bill in Congress and passed. The argument is made that the plan should not be frozen too soon; that it should be kept fluid until the last possible minute. But it ought to be clear that that last possible minute has already arrived. The first rule of military strategy is: never underestimate your enemy. The campaign in Korea can be long and costly, especially if we should try, in the old phrase, to send a boy to do a man's job.

Moreover, Korea—serious as the problem is—is only a small part of our liabilities, or potential liabilities. It has been reported that the Chinese Communists intended to invade Formosa about July 15; quite conceivably, they might decide to go ahead with their plan in spite of the presence in nearby waters of the United States Seventh Fleet. The military situation in the Philippines is an ugly one; so is that in Indo-China. Washington is watching closely for a possible Soviet-inspired thrust somewhere else—in Iran, for instance, or Turkey, or Greece.

An attack on Yugoslavia, ostensibly by the Bulgars and Hungarians, is not impossible. In East Germany, an army is being prepared whose chief and most obvious purpose would be an invasion of West Germany, with many parallels to what is happening in Korea. If the Russians really want to run us ragged all over the world, they can do so, with two tremendous advantages: first, they operate on interior lines of supply while our chief bases are many thousands of miles from the nearest danger spot; and second, the Russians can use their satellites and puppets, and themselves remain in the background.

President Truman should promptly ask Congress to pass the legislation necessary to prevent a repetition of the mistakes we made in entering the Second World War. By doing so he will also in some degree rectify the hardships he caused millions of his fellow Americans when he took off wartime controls too soon after the surrender of Japan in August, 1945. Today, millions have had their real incomes greatly reduced by continued currency inflation which, for them has outrun any nominal increase in their dollar income. Millions are being gouged cruelly by landlords in areas where federal rent control has been abolished, with nothing to take its place.

In the Second World War we bungled the conversion from production of peacetime goods to war materials by our insistence that we could have both guns and butter. Producers of non-essential civilian luxuries were permitted for a long time to drain off workers from essential industry by paying wages far beyond the going rate. They were able to get possession of scarce raw materials by a similar process.

For many years Bernard M. Baruch has been campaigning for the idea that capital should be conscripted in war at least as ruthlessly as human lives; but it has never been done. The excess-profits tax never came anywhere near sopping up war profits, as every businessman is well aware. "Cost-plus" contracts were an invitation to reckless waste on the highest possible scale—waste which in every case meant profit for somebody. Large firms indulged in an orgy of needless and practically useless advertising in order to dissipate funds which would otherwise have been taken by the government as excess profits.

To repeat: Every American hopes with all his heart that this will be a short war and a quick UN victory, but there is no guarantee that this will be true. We should and must act as though it might go on for decades, might prove the ultimate survival test for our nation and for our democratic way of life. It will help enormously to shorten the war if we take every possible step to see that our way of life is in fact democratic, at home and abroad.

In this war even more than in the last one, it is vital that we should win the support of the colored races around the world. News of a Negro lynching, or even of an insult offered to a foreign Negro diplomat in a Washington hotel, can mean that additional American boys must die on foreign soil. Domestic policies which are too tender to the rich, too severe with the poor (who, after all, do most of the producing of war materials, the fighting and the dying), can mean a needless prolongation of the war. Allying ourselves with Fascist regimes like those of Franco and Peron can hurt our position in Indo-China—or in India, which has already indicated some skepticism about our democratic pretensions. In short, we must put our house in order if we want to make sure that it is not destroyed.

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THE WEEK

BRITAIN AND KOREA

LONDON (NR correspondent)

Korea carried the British back 15 years. They read the boasts of advancing armies, the loud assertions about intolerable provocations, and the accounts of fleeing refugees, and they remembered the Rhineland and Ethiopia. Fifteen years ago, Britain had the strength to stop aggression and lacked the will. Now she had the will and lacked the strength.

America provided the strength and Britain's reaction moved swiftly from shock and uneasiness to relief and full support for joint action. The Colonial Office reported a new spirit in Malaya and other embattled territories. The Foreign Office sensed a new vigor in Europe and the Commonwealth. Cabinet members who spoke expressed the hope, first, that Anglo-American action would force a change in Soviet attitudes, and second, that it would reverse the growing conviction in Asia that time is on the side of the Soviets. They spoke of further action to wind up aggression throughout Southeast Asia and further to guarantee Yugoslavia against aggression.

The press lifted itself out of the doldrums in which it had been devoting its efforts mainly to a depressing spate of recrimination against Socialist insularity. The Labour Government, which only a few weeks ago had found itself caught in a half-hearted defense of a type of insular thinking which its own actions belied, moved one step farther in its steady advance toward full and open acceptance of an Anglo-American partnership. The Conservatives gave the government full support.

The main victims of the Korean attack were the shrinking band of intellectuals who cling to hopes of a neutral Europe under a British-led Third Force. The insistence of the group that America and Russia are equal evils was silenced by the North Korean resort to war. The vision, first of Germany then of Europe, protected from war and occupation by a neutral status to be accomplished by the withdrawing of American troops, a status honored by Russia, was blasted by the roar of Soviet-made fighters over Seoul.

HERMAN AGAIN

When the Supreme Court refused last April to rule on the constitutionality of Georgia's uniquely discriminatory method of counting votes, there was little doubt that Governor Herman Talmadge would remain in office another four years. The county-unit system has kept the Talmadges, young and old, in power for a good many years. Herman was elected by an overwhelming majority of county-unit votes but barely squeezed through with a popular-vote majority. Had the Supreme Court declared the system unconstitutional, thus taking the balance of power from Talmadge-dominated rural areas, former Governor M. E. Thompson would have had a good chance to win.

The county-unit system, peculiar to Georgia, assigns each county from two to six unit votes, according to population. The candidate who gets the most votes in a given county wins that county's entire unit vote. As a result, the 500,000 residents of Fulton County (Atlanta) carry no more weight at the polls than the 45,000 people of Troup County. The average rural voter exerts 11.5 times as much voting power as one in a city.

THE CP IN AUSTRALIA

SIDNEY (NR correspondent)

The attempt to enact a law in Australia to suppress the Australian Communist Party has ended for the present in a deadlock.

Robert G. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia and leader of the Liberal Party, forced through the lower house a bill proposing that any person officially declared to be a Communist should be debarred from holding position as a civil servant or in a union. But the Labor Party still has a majority in the upper house and insisted on inserting two amendments to safeguard the public from overzealous officialdom:

First, it removed from the declared person the onus of proving that he or she was not a Communist and placed the burden of proof on the government; second, it provided that the declared person might have the question decided at a trial by jury.

Twice Menzies refused to accept these amendments, and twice the Senate insisted on them. The Commonwealth Parliament has now adjourned for three months' recess. In the next session Menzies will have the privilege of sending the bill to the Senate once more. If a compromise is not then reached, both houses of Parliament will have to be dissolved and new elections held to enable the public to give a mandate on the subject.

OIL AND MONOPOLY

A Federal Trade Commission investigation of monopoly practices in the petroleum industry has been thwarted by a House Interstate and Foreign Commerce subcommittee. Early this year Representative Clarence Cannon (D, Mo.) introduced a resolution authorizing $250,000 for the FTC investigation. The fact that small refineries in Cannon's district have suffered from the high prices that major producers have placed on crude oil prompted introduction of the resolution. Cannon, as chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, was in a position to assure funds for the FTC study if the House subcommittee would pass the authorization.

The subcommittee, headed by Representative Oren Harris (D, Ark.), held hearings early this month on the Cannon resolution. It was evident that Harris and the majority of his 10-man committee had no intention of letting the FTC undertake such an investigation.

A separate proposal for an investigation of the gasoline industry by the Senate Judiciary Committee has been introduced by Senators Homer Ferguson (R, Mich.) and Joseph O'Mahoney (D, Wyo.). If it is passed by the Senate, there is some hope that a real probe rather than a whitewash may result.

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CALIFORNIA SOFT PEDAL

OAKLAND (NR correspondent)

The critical migratory-labor situation in California has been soft-pedaled by a "study" committee appointed by the state, which completed hearings last week. It is now up to President Truman's new fact-finding Committee on Migratory Labor to conduct a real investigation through the open hearings in Washington and the field meetings on the West Coast which it has scheduled.

During the hearings held by Governor Warren's San Joaquin Valley Agricultural Labor Resources Committee, 30 people testified, most of whom were growers or representatives of growers' organizations, including the Central Valley Empire Association, the Agricultural Extension Service, the California Farm Bureau Federation, and the Madera Chamber of Commerce. Those who made suggestions confined them for the most part to urging more educational activities by the Homemakers of the Agricultural Extension Service, the Health Department, and the public schools, or to asking an industrial-resources survey, designed to bring industrial plants to the San Joaquin Valley. Three witnesses refused to make any recommendations at all until the health and income of California's agricultural workers had been compared with those elsewhere.

In theory, the industrial survey would aid the migratory worker. Actually, industrial development would have little to do with the fact that farm workers, employed full-time during certain peak harvesting periods lasting from six to 60 days, are totally unemployed from December to March. The witnesses showed a tendency to avoid responsibility by calling the problem a federal one. Blame for the migrants' plight was laid on general unemployment.

Since hearings of this sort on migratory labor have been going on in California since 1911, any hope for action must lie in the President's committee, headed by Maurice Van Hecke, professor of Law at North Carolina University. The Executive Order setting up the Migratory Labor Committee requires it to report to the President by December 15 of this year. Between now and then, there is both time and need for a truly comprehensive study.

THE WASHINGTON POST

By the Horns

JUSTICE IN IDAHO

A shocking miscarriage of justice in Idaho has now been rectified. The State Supreme Court has overturned the decision of District Judge Albert L. Morgan, who last March gave four Indian boys indeterminate sentences which might have been as much as 14 years each. Their crime was stealing a sheep, worth about $12, during a joyride to celebrate the birth of a son to one of the quartet. The boys were not represented by counsel at the trial.

The Supreme Court stood by Judge Morgan as much as it decently could, by commenting that the sentence for grand larcency is fixed by statute. (The statute is 86 years old, and was originally written to protect the open range which, broadly speaking, no longer exists.) That the boys are free is the result of efforts by the Association on American Indian Affairs, whose attorney argued successfully that the judge had no right to accept a plea of guilty from these illiterate Indian boys, who were without counsel.

Oliver La Farge, president of the Association, believes that the reversal of the lower court will have a salutary effect throughout the country in regions where Indians are habitually denied counsel. He also hopes it may help to get the Indians the right to serve on juries in Idaho, where a constitutional amendment permitting this comes up in next November's election.

HOLLYWOOD EIGHT

Four years ago the House Un-American Activities Committee opened hearings on "subversives" in Hollywood. Klieg lights and newsreel cameras recorded that production, now commonly referred to as the case of "The Hollywood Ten." Last week, the eight remaining members of the 10 motion-picture writers, directors and producers who defied the committee in refusing to answer whether they were Communists, were convicted of contempt of Congress in the US District Court in Washington. Dalton Trumbo and John Howard Lawson had already been convicted in the spring of 1948 and began serving one-year jail terms early in June after the Supreme Court refused to review their appeals.

In the courtrooms of Judges David A. Pine and Edward M. Curran, writers Albert Maltz, Alvah Bessie, Ring Lardner Jr. and Lester Cole received the maximum sentence of one year in jail and a $1,000 fine. Writer-Director Herbert Biberman and Director Edward Dmytryk were given sentences of six months in jail and fines of $1,000 by Judge R. B. Keech. The other two men had their sentences postponed because of illness. One, Samuel Ornitz, was sentenced a few days later to a year and a fine of $1,000. The other, Adrian Scott, will also be sentenced as soon as he is well enough.

The judges tried the men without juries, and pleas of defense attorneys for leniency were turned down. The six sentenced were ordered to jail at once; requests for bail, pending the outcome of appeals to higher courts, were denied.

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TROUBLE IN TENNESSEE

by Mary Heaton Vorse

"IT WAS AWFUL what they did to my husband. They beat him up. They twisted his arms. They kept beating him after he was arrested. And you know Mr. Cahoon, the union lawyer—they split his lip with the butt of their pistols. You've seen it. And that's nothing to what they did to Blackie Warwick. Poor Blackie's lucky to be alive."

It was Mrs. Silas Switzer speaking, sitting in the union hall of Local 1054, Textile Workers Union of America-CIO—the local her husband manages. Mrs. Switzer is a fresh-faced, pretty young woman; she speaks as though she can hardly believe all this is really happening.

In her story, "they" are the officers and men of the Tennessee National Guard, like six-foot-six Captain Hunter and the others who beat and terrorized and arrested striking textile workers.

This is where I came in, reporting the battle to organize the textile industry. This might be Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1912, or the Southern textile strikes of 1929, or the tragic Seattle general strike of 1934. But it is Morristown, Tennessee. The clock has been turned back, and violence, never dead in the South, has sprung to full life again.

Yet this is not "just another strike story": this one is different. If the management's strategy follows in many details the Mohawk Valley Plan, which Remington-Rand so thoughtfully formulated for industry more than a dozen years ago, that is only because strikebreakers, like all of us, try to adapt the lessons of the past to their present problems.

This strike is different for two reasons. One relates to the employer, the other to the law.

The employer is the American Enka Corporation, fifth-ranking producer of synthetic yarn in the nation. Despite its name, Enka is not American at all, and never has been, except for a wartime span in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian. It is one of two synthetic-yarn firms established in the United States between wars by what were ostensibly Dutch interests. In each case the parent firm was a member of a Dutch-German cartel known as AKU—a cartel dominated by Nazis long before Hitler became suzeraine over all that was Dutch. Enka is still the property of the cartel, thanks to a post-war settlement in which the other company (North American-American Bemberg of Elizabethton, Tennessee) was turned over to the United States Government without a contest, and Enka was similarly released to the Netherlands.

Mary Heaton Vorse, author of 17 books and hundreds of magazine articles, has been a top-flight labor reporter for many years.

The law is the Taft-Hartley Act, which here in Morristown has reached full flower. The bloom has been carefully nurtured by the company's labor adviser, Theodore R. Iserman, reputedly a co-author of Taft-Hartley, architect of the Chrysler Corporation's strife-minded labor policy and undoubtedly one of the great unsung champions of anti-unionism. Whether or not Iserman wrote the law, he certainly knows how to use it.

Here, then, is a Nazi-flavored cartel, directed for the most part by men who served happily under the prewar German regime, using an American law and American troops to break a strike of American workers. To be sure, the workers would be no happier if the company were owned by Mayflower descendants, but the irony is there just the same. And Enka's strategy is more in keeping with its own past than with Pilgrim tradition.

American Enka's original plant is in Asheville, North Carolina, where the workers are represented by the small and docile United Textile Workers-AFL. The Morristown plant is a new one, and its employees cast in their lot with the far larger and more militant CIO union. In the spring of 1949, a one-year contract—substandard in comparison with others in the industry—was signed only minutes before a scheduled strike.

Last year, like other years, was a good one for American Enka. Morristown yarn commanded a premium price for its superior quality; thanks to this, and to a wage schedule about 12 cents an hour under that of competitors, Enka managed to decrease Holland's dollar shortage in 12 months by about $15 million. Under the circumstances the workers felt entitled to a standard contract; their full proposals, when negotiations for a renewal agreement began, would have produced conditions barely equal to those in rival mills. This time there was no last-minute softening by the company; so, on March 28, the 750 workers struck.

At first everything was quiet in the little town. Even the Morristown *Sun,* never pro-union, praised the strikers as "orderly." Order is important in a rayon shutdown. Without it, chemical solutions "freeze" in the pipes, causing tremendous damage. An agreement was reached between the union and the company: the plant would be shut down carefully, to avoid damage; maintenance crews and clerical workers would be passed in and out; and in return management would not try to operate during the strike.

On May 22, management broke this agreement. The gates were opened; recruiting of strikebreakers began; an injunction was obtained, limiting pickets to six, 10

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feet apart; state highway patrolmen were brought in to protect the scabs.

Next Sheriff Robert Medlin telegraphed Governor Gordon Browning for the National Guard, on the plea that the situation was "out of hand." Diligent investigation reveals that there had been catcalls and boos; some stones were thrown and two cars were overturned. When this happened, movie cameras were conveniently present. Those who have seen the movies—I have not—say that the highway patrolmen could have prevented the overturn of those cars. Two "dynamitings" of strikebreakers' homes were also reported. No outsider has yet seen evidence that this was so.

The National Guard, some 300 strong, made its martial way into Morristown with weapon-carriers, machine guns, tommy-guns, bayonets and live ammunition. Guardsmen were stationed around the plant and the union meeting-tent. They were supported by 30 or 40 highway patrolmen, who, over the busy Memorial Day weekend, had been called from places as far away as Nashville. They were armed with pistols and blackjacks.

The highway patrolmen made a great show of directing traffic as the "work-seekers" came in cars. That, to my surprise, is what the strikers often call those who have been recruited to take their jobs. Union members who go back to work are called scabs. To an old-timer the distinction might not be so clear; but there are few old-timers in this strike. Most of the strikers are young; four out of five of the boys are ex-servicemen.

Blackie Warwick, however, is an old-timer; he has been a union man since the Michigan sitdown strikes in 1936. Blackie, who told me his own story, is an alert, vigorous man in his forties, tanned, sharp-featured, blackhaired—an East Tennessee mountain man of what local chauvinists call the "purest native American stock in the country." His ancestors were pioneers, and so is he—on a different frontier. He was arrested with a group of others, for violation of the injunction. He said:

The sheriff told me to walk down the stairs, and they began hitting me over the head with blackjacks—not the National Guards, the highway patrolmen. First Carl Gilbert stuck his foot out to trip me, but I saved myself, catching the rail. I didn't fall then. About that time four of them hit me with their blackjacks and when I got to the foot of the stairs and was down, Tommy Samms pistol-whipped me over the kidneys. Then they all took to stomping and kicking me all the 35 or 40 feet to the cell.

You never saw no one bleed so much. They just left me there to bleed—wouldn'a done nothing if Bob Cahoon and Si Switzer hadn't come for me. They couldn't get to me for two hours or more.

I just laid there and bled. When they got me to a doctor I had all those head wounds and was deep bruised right down on my side. There's five of my ribs cracked or broken.

I been beat up before, but I wasn't ever kicked or stomped when I was down. This is the first time; and then that sheriff had the nerve to try and speak to me in the courtroom.

I missed court the day the jailer swore that Blackie "fell down the stairs" and that nobody touched him. Somehow or other, all those wounds in the head, the deep bruises and the five broken ribs were self-inflicted. The jailer swore to this, and so did Tommy Samms and Carl Gilbert. Blackie has sworn to what he told me. His affidavit is only one of a sheaf that are in the union office—accounts of unjustified arrests, of intimidation, of violence.

Two weeks after they had come, all but a few National Guardsmen were withdrawn. But the strikers were to get no relief; a large number of highway patrolmen replaced the troops.

Tempers are hot in Tennessee, and a few days ago, there was shooting at Morristown. The newspapers, on the side of management as usual, carried stories charging that this shooting was all the work of the strikers and that one or two of the strikebreakers were dead, or about to die. These stories were false, though they have never been retracted; a few people received slight flesh wounds. Which side shot first is as much a mystery as it usually is in these affairs. Union officials have of course done everything possible to prevent any violence on their side.

Meanwhile, Governor Browning insisted that Enka negotiate with the union, and the parties met with federal mediators in Atlanta early in June. But there were no negotiations. The United Textile Workers-AFL promptly claimed a majority among the workers. Iserman blandly declared that since representation was "disputed," he could not deal with the striking union.

During the next week, Enka signed a contract with the UTW-AFL covering the Asheville mills, and bought radio time in Morristown, every hour on the hour, to sing the praises of that union. Officials of the Textile Workers Union of America-CIO charge that Iserman has master-minded the moves of the UTW as well as those of the company.

Here is where the Taft-Hartley Act is so damaging. It permits the employer to call for an election whenever there is no contract and more than one union claims representation. Enka promptly did so.

Under T-H, moreover, if a strike is an economic one, those strikers who have been "replaced" by scabs cannot vote in a representation election held while the dispute is in progress. The newly-hired strikebreakers vote instead. The TWUA claims that "work-seekers" are told by Enka that they must join the AFL.

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From the day that the National Guard appeared in Morristown, the TWUA's international president, Emil Rieve, began to prod the Senate Labor Committee and the Department of Justice to move in. Both responded, and after a preliminary investigation of Labor Committee staff members, Senators James E. Murray (D, Mont.) and Hubert H. Humphrey (D, Minn.) visited the strike scene.

Their hearing in Morristown High School began early on the morning of June 16; it lasted until after midnight. In the auditorium, filled with silent strikers and their families, including many infants and small children, the Senators gave Iserman a rough time. They scoffed at his motion pictures; they openly doubted his tales of dynamite.

"In my own state of Montana, dynamiting was done by hired detectives of the employers, and strikers were convicted for it," said Senator Murray. "I don't like that kind of evidence."

Finally, Humphrey summed up what had been learned:

> Free collective bargaining has been denied; men have been beaten and kicked into jail cells, without due process of law. The back-to-work movement brought violence; the National Guard brought more violence.
>
> Somewhere along the line, men of mature reason would have called a halt to this. . . . Troops and injunctions never settle anything; all they do is cause trouble. The governor, the sheriff, the National Guard can't settle this strike, but the people in this room can, and the union says it is ready. I appeal to you to come to grips with this thing.

It was a moving performance, but Iserman replied only that the company's hands were tied by the Taft-Hartley Act. There was no regret in his voice.

EUROPE AND THE SCHUMAN PLAN

by Percy Winner

EUROPEANS, looking backward, recognize that the Second World War was inevitable from the day when Adolf Hitler ordered German troops to march into the Rhineland and Albert Sarraut ordered French troops not to resist.

The coal, iron and steel of the Ruhr and the Rhineland are Western Europe's industrial potential of war. Whoever possesses them can make modern war. Without them modern war cannot be made. It has been fear that the coal and steel of the Ruhr might tool the war machine of a Western European coalition directed by the United States that has made the Soviet Union since Potsdam a saboteur of all possible deals that failed to provide some sort of international control for the Ruhr.

Before Korea, the most important European question, the one left by the London Conference in May of the Foreign Ministers of the Atlantic Pact nations, was also about the occupation of the Ruhr and the Rhineland. From the European viewpoint, the London conference was an end and also a beginning. It was an end of the American policy of keeping European economic realities and Atlantic military strategy in separate compartments and of consistently subordinating the one to the other. The European pygmies forced the American giant to put brakes on a policy which, they were becoming increasingly sure, would unmake the chances of peace even if it did not make greater the chances of war. In technical terms, all the conference did was to create still another committee of coördination of coördinators. Yet since the purpose of the new Council of Deputies is (at least theoretically) to balance the conflicting imperatives of economy and strategy, a period of political ambivalence in American policy toward Western Europe comes to an end.

The London conference was a beginning because, in providing a fitting stage for an initial discussion of the most dramatic proposal since the war, it changed the frame of reference of American policy from an assumption that Western European unity could be forged by American economic policy without serious attention to European political policy. So far as the Europeans are concerned, the London conference was little more than the preface to the conference on the Schuman-Monnet plan.

Before Dean Acheson got to London, the Americans made plain that they would have nothing to do with Georges Bidault's proposal for a High Atlantic Council. This meant that, though they were calling on the Western European nations to sacrifice some of their national sovereignty in a common pool, they themselves were willing only to make a contribution in economic terms—in continuation of Marshall Plan help after 1952 (and that too, because of Congress, was not sure). The Americans also made plain that they could not afford to admit to their voting public the real implications of what happened at Brussels—the vigorous announcement of the Western European statesmen that they could not afford to pay for the military strategy decided at The Hague. The results of the London conference which President Truman considers the most successful since Potsdam merely hid Western Europe's resentments and reluctances.

Yet, because of the Schuman-Monnet plan, the conference was for Europeans the most successful since the start of the cold war. Before it opened, Western Europe was politically a dead letter. Atlanticism had submerged any real possibility of Western Union. After

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the conference, Europe and Western Union had a new —and different—chance. The Schuman-Monnet plan was the "two" of a French one-two blow for European freedom from American conceptions of how peace might be saved. It was struck only because the "one"—the Bidault plan—was rejected.

Frenchmen, before Korea, were beginning to use phrases familiar in Washington—"no entangling alliances" and "peace without victory." They were invoking George Washington against Atlanticism, Woodrow Wilson against the perils of the role which American policy seemed to have assigned to their foot soldiers. Western European currents of neutrality, non-intervention, non-belligerence, neo-isolationism were swelling.

The significance of the Schuman-Monnet Plan, a gesture of desperation for a government which has to take into account French public opinion, is that it is an effort to find a new road between Atlanticism and neo-isolationism for Western Europe. The most important question, Europe thought, is: Was another war indefinitely postponed on May 9, the day when Robert Schuman offered, and Konrad Adenauer accepted, a Germany sharing with France in a Europeanized, if not internationalized, Ruhr and Rhineland?

The final communiqué of the London conference repeated once more the key formula of American policy in Europe—"to build up a system of defense equipped with modern weapons capable of withstanding any external threat directed against them." But in the year between the Paris and London conferences, in the year during which the Americans have given priority to guns over butter, no effective Western European or even Atlantic defense structure has in fact been given any solid foundations. Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery, who ought to know, says so.

Nor is the technical failure the most important factor. On the Western European political Left, all the non-Communist forces have lost strength and the Communist forces have gained, because the American stress on strategy played into the hands of the Western European statesmen who justify reactionary policies on the ground of strategic necessity. And on the Western European political Right there has been a cold war of resentment against America's disregard of the realities of the European psychological problem.

> For the Americans [wrote *Le Monde* of Paris] defeat is the supreme evil; for Europeans it is war itself. We understand quite well that the United States does not want to abandon part of its sovereignty to the European powers. But the Americans should understand that the Europeans can go no farther in abandoning themselves to American initiative. The free peoples of the continent no longer believe that even a victorious war would permit them to preserve or to reconquer their liberties.

On American policy in Germany and its implications for the rest of Europe, this influential rightist newspaper commented: "It is not enough to add Essen to Detroit and 250 million Europeans to 160 Americans to terrify Stalin. Adding goats to cabbages has never been sound accounting practice."

Although the French of the political Right dare to refer to themselves as victims of American fools, they could not—by themselves—have taken the step which the Schuman-Monnet plan implies to disentangle themselves from the Americans. They could do so only because a political force far greater than any in France stood actively behind the plan.

This force is the Secretariat of State of the Vatican, or rather those elements in the Vatican who, while profoundly anti-Soviet, perhaps even more anti-Soviet than the Americans, reached the double conclusion that continuation of the threat of world war would seriously hurt the chances of success of the Vatican's policy of forming a "Christian Europe" and that American policy was having the effect of increasing the Europeans' fear of war. Politically, the direction in which the plan points is precisely the "Christian Europe" which the Vatican wants—a right-wing, conservative, anti-Socialist, though not necessarily reactionary, combination of states run by such faithful sons of Rome as Adenauer and such friends of Rome as Schuman. Especially, the direction is one which can be approved wholeheartedly by men like Paul Reynaud and Paul Van Zeeland.

The Vatican would have preferred the Bidault plan, not entirely because Bidault is even closer to Rome than Schuman, but because the basis would have been political. But the Vatican prefers Schuman to Charles de-Gaulle, even though de Gaulle's economic notions are better thought of in Rome than Jean Monnet's. The point is that the Vatican now recognizes its first priority, which is also the first priority of any possible "Christian Europe" in the epoch of the H-bomb. At the risk of alienating the Americans (whose enthusiastic reception of the French plan may have been slightly premature), the Vatican thinks that the words of the Communist peace offensive have reached a point of psychological effectiveness at which only deeds (or the appearance of deeds) can cope with them.

The Stockholm declaration has a good deal to do with the Schuman-Monnet plan. André François-Poncet and the Comité des Forges are less important, in Vatican terms, than the fact that Vittorio Emanuele Orlando, the grand old man of Italian conservative politics, sired an appeal against the use of the atom bomb that reads very much like the Stockholm statement, which was fathered for the most part by Communist fellow travelers. Francesco Nitti and a large number of Senators and Deputies deeply involved in the political "Chris-

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tianization" of Italy under Vatican auspices also signed the appeal.

The Schuman-Monnet plan seems to give a new lease of life to the chances of peace in Europe and to chances of making it respond to European rather than American needs. And before Korea, peace and anti-Americanism were the two chief tendencies in Europe—the anti-Americanism in the sense of a plague on both your houses, not a shift to pro-Sovietism.

The London *Economist* has seen and warned against the danger that the French scheme might be an instrument of neo-isolationism, hence might put in jeopardy America's continued participation in the whole field of economic coöperation with Europe. In fact, however, the threat of the scheme to American policy as of the last year is the opposite of isolationist. If the scheme succeeds, it will force the Americans to reëxamine the economic *modus vivendi* with the Soviets, which was rejected last year. If the Europeanization of the Ruhr increases, as it must, the productivity of Rhineland and Ruhr industry, East-West trade will have to be freed, for the Ruhr's natural outlets are Eastern and Southeastern Europe and the Far East.

French Socialists—men like Jules Moch, Guy Mollet and André Philip—have welcomed the scheme with reservations, principally in regard to the possibility of reviving private cartels. Socialist reforms, said Philip, would have to be made in the framework of all of Western Europe, no longer in that of separate countries. But what the scheme promises is neither international socialization nor a new version of the old international cartels.

Raymond Aron in the rightist *Figaro* of Paris has written: "The question of ownership is secondary. Whether or not tens of thousands of persons do or do not own stock in the Ruhr companies will not in any way modify the true relationship of power. The managers will have the effective authority in any case."

The Schuman-Monnet scheme is therefore the Western European Right's contribution to the managerial revolution of technocracy. The international civil servants who will be the managers of the Europeanized Ruhr Authority will work neither for private cartels nor for Socialism. They will work for the kind of rightist Europe which "progressive" men in Wall Street want, but the novelty of the new situation is that they will work for that Europe directly, not through America.

IMPROVISATION IN KOREA

by William Costello

FEW PEOPLE have been less prepared to defend themselves against aggression than the South Koreans. It was not merely that they lacked arms and munitions to withstand Communist armies which swept down on them without warning on June 25. The Republic of South Korea was deficient in almost every element of modern statehood, with the exception of a fiery patriotism.

One hastens to add that it was through no fault of their own that the Koreans were lacking in government administrators, skilled technicians, business executives, professional army officers, lawyers, doctors, builders and mechanics. For 35 years they had been enslaved by the Japanese, exploited with ruthless efficiency, denied access to education, training and all positions of executive responsibility, and forbidden even to speak their own language. Koreans had only their pride, and in these five tragic, turbulent postwar years, even the pride of 4,000 years could not build a nation.

In that sense, there was a profound measure of moral justice in the decision of the United States and the United Nations Security Council to forestall another dark age of imperialism in South Korea. Even if there had been no cold war, the 20 millions living south of the 38th Parallel deserved a better chance to make something of themselves. Many of those present in Seoul on August 15, 1948, when the Republic was proclaimed, felt it could not safely be turned loose to fend for itself. The invasion from the North proved in two days that such fears were well founded.

At the time, however, there seemed to be two compelling reasons for establishing the independence of the Korean Republic. The first was that Soviet occupation troops were about to be withdrawn from the Northern zone, leaving the United States to bear the implied stigma of imperialism. The second was the passionate, and almost psychopathic, nationalism of the Koreans. Nearly two generations of degrading colonialism had aroused them to a pitch of xenophobia not easily comprehended. Over and over in 1946 and '47, Syngman Rhee crackled with indignation at the presence of American soldiers, begged testily for their evacuation. If there is blame for last month's tragedy in Korea, it lies partly at the doorstep of the 70-year-old professional patriot who thought it statesmanlike to snap: "Only see to the withdrawal of all foreign armies, Soviet and American alike, and there will be no problem of

William Costello, director of news broadcasting for the Far Eastern Division of the Columbia Broadcasting System, recently returned from four years of duty in Asia which took him to many parts of that continent.

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unity. . . . I will personally negotiate with Kim Il Sung. . . . Koreans will understand each other."

Rhee must have known that he spoke nonsense, must have known that he had none of the tools with which to fashion a strong, self-reliant nation. He recognized the spiritual decay which had taken place under the Japanese. In his inaugural address, he pleaded not only for a new government but for "a new people." "We cannot," he said, "make a holy state out of a corrupt people. With a rejuvenated national spirit blasting away all the old corrupt practices, we can possibly make up for the last 40 years. . . ." Neither his government nor his people have yet found that rejuvenation of spirit. As late as April 7, 1950, it took a brutually critical letter from the US State Department to bring Rhee's government to its senses. Under American prodding, with the reluctance of a wayward boy, Rhee set about curbing inflation, collecting taxes from his wealthy friends and supporters, halting government overdrafts and subsidies to privileged favorites, and controlling runaway prices.

However much or little the Koreans were responsible for the final withdrawal of American protective forces in June, 1949, it is an unquestionable fact that cold-war strategy played a part. American military leaders, with the memory of Bataan still fresh, took a jaundiced view of our exposed position on the southern tip of the Korean Peninsula. It was, they agreed, wholly indefensible. Diplomats were torn between two feelings. On the one hand, they felt the United States, after sponsoring the birth of the new Republic, could not abandon it entirely without creating a defeatist psychology in other parts of Asia. On the other hand, so long as American troops remained, the US was the target of inflammatory Soviet propaganda. It was a difficult position. If we stayed, we were imperialist ogres; if we withdrew, we were faithless allies, indifferent to the fate of Asia.

In the end, the evacuation of Korea was accompanied by economic and military assistance and the creation of a 500-man military advisory mission to train an army. In 21 months, with only the scantiest equipment, that mission created six reasonably well-trained divisions, using as a nucleus Korean veterans of the Japanese army and thousands of bully-boys who had been recruited in a spurious youth movement. Those six divisions contained the makings of a good army, save for the lack of training and morale among the officers. In the lower ranks there was never a real problem of morale; there was almost too much enthusiasm among the rock-ribbed, courageous and naturally pugnacious peasantry.

For a time, there was a serious threat of Communist infiltration in the army. American G-2 officers repeatedly urged the Korean high command to dismiss known or suspected Reds, but their warnings were brushed aside by generals to whom "face" and favoritism were paramount. Finally, after the Communist mutiny of October, 1948, there was a ruthless purge in all ranks, and the loyalty of the army was fairly well assured.

At the same time, however, Red agents from the North, who had filtered down with more than 2.5 million refugees from the benevolent People's Republic, set in motion a sustained guerrilla campaign in the back country—a campaign which is still in progress and constitutes a threat of more or less ominous proportions in the army's rear. The danger lies less in the size or strength of these guerrilla bands than in the public's hatred for Syngman Rhee's police; thousands of Korean peasants who have suffered from the brutality and rapacity of the police would welcome an opportunity to turn on them, and the Communists are clever enough to exploit that hatred. Disaffection could spread like a flash-fire if either the army or the government showed signs of serious disintegration.

It was almost inevitable that Korea should have become a politico-military testing ground for World War III. From the Soviet point of view, it had precisely the right balance of strengths and weaknesses. There is good reason to believe that the architects of Kremlin policy may have sketched the first rough blueprints of North Korean aggression as early as 1946. Their first act after occupying the "liberated" country was to close the border to American traffic. Then they set up a government, organized the youth, the peasants, the workers and the women, put the economy on a warlike footing and created an army. To gain time, they negotiated indefatigably in Seoul and Moscow for the unification of the Peninsula. There never was a time the Russian-American Joint Commission was even close to agreement.

Admittedly, the United States was handicapped; we had inherited a motley assortment of expatriates, collaborators, Fascist reactionaries, professional assassins and confused intellectuals, and the American commander, Lieutenant General John R. Hodge, found only a handful of honest, capable Koreans with any real political awareness. As a result, for three years South Korea made almost no progress toward recovery, while Soviet Russia was turning the Northern zone into a compact and efficient miniature military machine. When the time came to push the invasion button, the military odds were overwhelmingly in favor of the North—and it remained only to gauge the temper of the American reaction. If the Americans sent aid, the Kremlin could afford to risk defeat and the revulsion of 10 million North Koreans. If no American help were provided, Russia gained another 20 million slaves and administered a signal humiliation to the United States before the eyes of all Asia.

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It was the weakness of South Korea which made this situation possible. It was the United States, together with Syngman Rhee's psychopathic nationalism, which permitted this weakness to exist. The fact that American intentions were morally pure is irrelevant, just as irrelevant as the fact that the United States in 1949 provided South Korea with less than $10 million worth of arms, deliberately weakening the Republic because American advisers were afraid the shipment of larger quantities might encourage Rhee to launch an invasion of the North. The really relevant fact is that the United States finally had to improvise a Korean policy under stress of a terrifying emergency.

If the nation and its government are to learn anything from the Korean struggle, it must be that we cannot afford to lead from weakness toward strength. It will not be enough merely to push the North Koreans back to the 38th Parallel. That would be a hollow victory, in terms of the over-all struggle. There could and probably would be another Korean episode any day the Soviet Union chose to push another satellite button. There is no limit to the size and ferocity of the attacks which may be launched on the long periphery separating East and West. If there is to be a policy of containment, there cannot be a soft spot on that periphery. If the bell tolls, it tolls for the staggering military commitment that is implied. Korea is merely an explicit foretaste and a warning against improvisation.

UNESCO AND WORLD REVOLUTION

by Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan

THUCYDIDES said that the woes of Athens were due more to the Athenians' insufficiencies than to the strategy of their enemies.

International understanding is one of our central aims. Yet in reality we are being educated in the wrong way. We are given to the contemplation of our own virtues and the condemnation of other peoples' weaknesses. This nation is said to be immoral, that nation to be decadent; this nation consists of prototypes of slave mentality, that of barbarous, subhuman gangsters. Such idiotic chatter, such vile nationalist propaganda, goes on and is cultivated. It is no answer to say that other people indulge in abuse and willful misunderstanding of us. If we do as they do, there is nothing more to be said.

Owing to the neglect of responsible thinking and the violation of the basic unity of mankind by nationalist vanity, we have suffered in recent decades. The demands of group loyalty, of nation, race, class and religious community have dominated us. We have snarled at one another, each determined not to give in. We have seen marvels of man's intellectual penetration, but we have also seen the horrors of the savagery of the human heart.

It is no use crying over spilt blood. But are we struggling to get out of the rut, to improve the situation, to do something different? No, we have become armed missionaries in our ways of life. We are busy consolidating our teams, asking nations to line up on this side or the other. We do not talk to each other but make faces at each other. We are facing one another across yawning psychological gulfs of suspicion and hatred.

The persistence of old attitudes in new circumstances when war has become universal, totalitarian and of an incalculable destructiveness causes fear and trembling in men's hearts. Yet we are continuing in the old ways. Democratic liberties are being curtailed, social-welfare programs are being postponed. While more than half the population of the world in Asia and Africa lives at a level below normal subsistence, the other part is spending its time, wealth and energy in building armies, navies and air forces which will avert nothing and will solve nothing. Whatever may be the military results of another world war—which is likely to be atomic, biological and bacteriological—its political results are obvious: the extinction of democratic ideas and ideals through the world.

We in UNESCO cannot be content with tasks which are academic and technical in character. Are we to deal with every question except the one that really matters? Until Korea, it was still a cold war, a war of words, though arms are piling up. Not guns but ideas are struggling toward a conclusion. So long as men are different, disagreements and tensions will exist. If we wish to win a dominating position for our way of life, our religion and our method of social change, and if there is another way of life, another religion, another method of social change, we develop an attitude of intolerance.

The underlying belief of UNESCO is in tolerance, in the tolerance which is the first condition of peace. Tolerance is not indifference, but that most precious and difficult quality of impartiality that combines loyalty to one's own convictions with respect and fairness for the convictions of those who passionately adhere to other views. It is not enough for UNESCO to deny the "doc-

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trine of the inequality of men and of races" in theory. UNESCO must deny it in practice. It is an oversimplification to hold that the intrigues of certain states are the main source of our troubles. We must not overlook the basic causes, the historic forces which are at work.

The revolution which started over a hundred years ago in France is still in progress. Those who are subjected to one form or another of exploitation are attempting to break the shackles of tradition, to liberate themselves from imperial rule, to modernize themselves. We cannot curb the aspirations of peoples for political freedom, for social justice, for race equality.

If we restore privilege, if we prevent social change, if we support reaction and vested interests, if we ally ourselves with corrupt administrations, we shall not mitigate the pressures that drove the world into two wars in our generation. If we do not provide opportunities to people of Asia and Africa to rehabilitate themselves, they will lend a receptive ear to the other pattern of life which offers a vision of human equality and brotherhood.

It would be splendid if UNESCO could confine itself to cultural matters, to the methods of intellectual solidarity. Unfortunately, that does not seem possible. UNESCO must concern itself with politics. From the start, the organization has not been fully representative of the peoples of the world. Now, especially during the next three months, or the next six months, which are likely to be crucial for the peace of the world, the great effort of UNESCO should be to get the two opponents in the war of ideas together within its membership. Otherwise some of the organization's acts are likely—even more than in the past—to give the impression that it is against the Soviet Union.

And there are other shortcomings which UNESCO must urgently make up. Otherwise it will weaken and even cripple itself, become ineffective and violate the spirit of its constitution. I asked the delegates to the Florence conference: Are we not everywhere protecting privilege, supporting reaction, sustaining corrupt governments and curbing the natural aspiration of peoples for freedom, justice and racial equality? On the political plane, UNESCO must denounce every form of imperialism, condemn reactionary, corrupt governments and ally itself with the progressive forces.

Are we honest about practising the doctrine of equality of race? It is no answer to say that UNESCO is doing its best, that UNESCO is helping raise the educational level and improving social conditions. Events are in a hurry.

There are states that call themselves democratic in which racial discrimination continues. Attempts to eliminate such racial inequalities, when made in the United Nations, do not get the support of the democracies. UNESCO has published a Universal Declaration of Human Rights, but do the member states show eagerness and earnestness in regard to implementing these rights? It is no answer to say that where we have the power, we are improving the economic position of the oppressed racial minorities and removing the terroristic devices that make a farce of the declaration of equal rights for all. This does not mean that there is a real change of heart among the oppressors, or that the oppressed are happy that their dignity is recognized. I am reminded of St. Augustine, who said, "Give me chastity but not yet."

UNESCO is taking up the problem of technical assistance in underdeveloped areas under President Truman's Point Four. It must do its work in dispelling ignorance and raising the standards of life in backward areas. And it is wise that the tractors, serums and services should be supplied by a United Nations organization working under the concept of One World, and not by this or that great power as a political weapon in an ideological conflict. It might be wise for UNESCO to go farther, to support the setting up of a world-development corporation to work on the principle: from each participating nation according to its productive capacity and to each participating nation according to its urgent needs. Even the Cominform countries would be attracted to the United Nations' ideals if such a scheme were organized. It would help remove one of the basic causes of war—the wide gap between unprecedented wealth in a few countries and grinding poverty in many others.

A worldwide social revolution is going on. It is bound to succeed, either in a few years of comparative peace if we are wise, or in a long period of chaos if we are blind. It is wise to be the leaders of the revolution instead of spokesmen for the status quo.

UNESCO has a great responsibility in this critical hour. It must give voice to the desire of the world for peace and democracy—economic and political. It must gather round its banner not only the contented and the well-to-do but the oppressed and suffering who are the great majority.

We have a faith to live for. 'God has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth.' This is science, this is religion, this is common sense, this is wisdom. If, however, the faith is not followed by works, UNESCO will be responsible for contributing to the confusion and chaos. I call upon the men and women of UNESCO to form themselves into a secular priesthood, to consecrate themselves to the task of making a religion of progressive democracy in order to achieve a new world of peace, of plenty, of good will among men.

Florence, Italy

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HAROLD L. ICKES: War in Korea

ON SUNDAY, June 25, came the news that North Korea, which is under the domination of the Soviet Union, had without warning sent an army to attack South Korea, which looks to the US for protection. Apparently, it was hoped that Seoul would be captured by surprise. High officials gathered in Washington, with the President hurrying back from a weekend at Independence. It is impossible to predict what may happen before this article is in print, but there are certain comments that I feel may profitably be made.

It was no surprise to the writer, or to others who have been following the moves on the international chessboard, that this clash should have occurred. It might have happened at any time, just as something similar might have happened in any one of several other places—French Indo-China, for instance. That is one reason why President Truman, in announcing that we would use our Navy and Air Force to aid South Korea, said also that we would support the Bao Dai government, in addition to strengthening the Philippines and guaranteeing the present status of Formosa.

The present situation throws a curious backward light on the recent attacks on the Truman Administration, which came chiefly from Republicans. Necessarily, their voices have been momentarily stilled; but it remains to be seen how long they will keep silent, and to what extent they will genuinely coöperate in this extremely serious situation.

It was in the Congressional campaign of 1946 that the Republicans first showed the style of game that they proposed to play in the hope of winning their way to power. Then, and later, the voices of the John T. Flynns and of the Westbrook Peglers, raucous and venomous, began to shriek anathemas. These were not against a man who was living and therefore able to defend himself, but a dead man, Franklin D. Roosevelt, who, whatever his mistakes of judgment, had been the greatest of leaders during the years when, if we had not had him, the civilized world might well have succumbed to the assaults of Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito. Under cover of this obscene attack, the Republicans, at first tentatively and then enthusiastically, began a sham battle against Communism. The campaigns of 1946, 1948 and 1950 have been nothing but attempts by the Republicans to return to power solely on the basis of having seen more Communists, and seen them sooner, than had the Democrats.

It was natural—in fact it was probably necessary—for the Democrats to fight back, with the result that sober men have been gravely concerned by a wide cleavage that has appeared in our supposed national unity, undoubtedly to the satisfaction of a potentially dangerous enemy such as the Soviet Union. The ultimate bitter fruit of this internal division has been McCarthyism, which has exposed our position and watered down our strength. McCarthyism, encouraged by such men as Wherry of Nebraska, Knowland of California and Bridges of New Hampshire, has been cultivating a cancerous growth in our own body politic. It is McCarthyism that, at the time of the gravest international difficulties in which we have ever found ourselves, is causing usually warm-hearted Americans to suspect their neighbors. McCarthyism, unhappily, has generated its prototype even among Democrats. Thanks to it, many have become prey to hysteria.

It is time for Americans to recover their sanity. It is time to rally to the cause of freedom with justice that is determined to defend itself at all costs, but will at the same time respect the rights and freedoms of others. The occasion calls for a revived moral leadership that has recently been lacking.

President Truman has gone far toward providing that leadership with his statement of Tuesday, June 27, on the Korean situation, in which, after reciting the military steps he has ordered into effect, he said: "A return to the rule of force in international affairs would have far-reaching effects. The United States will continue to uphold the rule of law."

I, for one, do not believe that the clash in Korea will prove the precursor of a third world war. During the Civil War in Spain, Russia was on one side and Hitler and Mussolini on the other. These nations were actually at war, though they all operated under aliases. Yet when the Second World War did break out, Russia was friendly to Hitler and Mussolini, until Hitler made the mistake of sending his army across the Russian border in violation of a treaty of peace. Something roughly analogous could take place in Korea. While prophecy is always dangerous, it seems unlikely that Russia wants war at this time any more than we do.

The times call for steady nerves, for statesmanship of a high order, for a truce to political smearing. No nervous trigger finger must be permitted to set off a world explosion. We must hold our own warmongers in leash. So far as the Republicans are concerned, no act could more greatly distinguish them, while entitling them to the gratitude of the American people, than to sink McCarthyism without trace, and then join hands with other patriotic Americans to bring our Ship of State into the haven of peace. HAROLD L. ICKES

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

SIGNIFICANCE AND THE "NEW" ENGLISH NOVELISTS

by Alexander Klein

IN RECENT YEARS several English novelists—Henry Green, Charles Williams, Ivy Compton-Burnett, Joyce Cary—long held in critical esteem in their home country, have belatedly appeared in American editions. These writers, with the possible exception of Williams, are true artists in intention in that each attempts to create a world of his own,

NOTHING, by Henry Green (Viking; $3).
THE GREATER TRUMPS, by Charles Williams (Pellegrini & Cudahy; $3).

to present a unique vision of experience and reality and of the condition of man. On different levels all possess varied excellences. But all share one basic lack: they do not make the reader *care*, they fail to illuminate man's fate, to invest it with significance.

Nothing (the third of Henry Green's eight novels to appear here, and his most recent) offers a sometimes amusing, but essentially grim, anthropological report on the inadequacy of our modern rites of passage as seen in the foibles and dying gasps of two current generations of the Mayfair set. Like Green's previous novels, in which the private world of nearly every character is a doomed world, *Nothing* is a study in the dissolution and decay of that faint gleam of humanity for some inscrutable reason not yet extinct. In this book the veins of the younger generation run with some latter-day substitute for red blood (even sex, combined with affection, which in most of Green's novels is the one touchstone, the sole means his characters have of rekindling a glow from the ashes of their dying selves, has no power to vivify these youngsters); the oldsters have just enough money and energy to play out the same, familiar, now cloud-haunted game they've been at for decades. And none of the characters emerges as an individual; they are deliberately kept flat, almost types.

Where *Loving* had a lacquered effect with legendary overtones, *Nothing* is a bare, mannered affair, told largely in dialogue, making few demands on the reader and offering for the space of an entire book the literary equivalent of a heaped plate of party sandwiches—dainty, delicious, but, despite their concealed substance, hardly suitable fare for a full-course meal. Noticeably absent, too, is Green's much-praised "hallucinated" effect and "sensuous rendering of experience." Even his dialogue—an infinitely more various, subtler instrument than, say, Hemingway's, for it is slave to neither public nor private conventions—in *Nothing* comes perilously close to glibness. This, however, is partly due to the demands of his subject. The device of repeated tête-à-têtes between pairs of characters is mechanical, yet as well suited to the requirements of the fable as is the characters' predictability (in contrast to the refreshing unveiling in other Green novels).

As Mark Schorer and Philip Toynbee have pointed out, even in his early works Henry Green wrestled with language and attempted to make style render the quality of experience, to apply technique to discover, in part, his subject. *Blind* and *Living* were halting efforts. Then in *Back*, *Caught* and *Loving* he hit his stride, whereupon limitations on a higher level became evident. His books are, generally, more telling, absorbing representations of our dying age than the naturalistic chronicles with their endless recording of each false note and faltering pulse beat. But in Green's novels the compass of the human soul is narrowed incredibly; and in payment for his vision of the world we must dispense with so much else that there is a tendency to rebel at the constriction, to resist the claustrophobic effect. Though he has a penchant for mythical situations (confusions of paternity, accidental incest), they are almost completely deficient in emotional charge. His entire body of work is a prime exhibit of the tremendous difficulty the modern novelist-artist has in really *finding* his subject. Those novelists who are endowed with or aspire to passion and compassion are generally sentimentalists, lacking discipline and objectivity, with no means of testing their material; or they are fierce naturalists who by their method cut themselves off from all but the most primitive types of revelation. Those, in turn, who try to wrest experience with language and style are often naturally deficient in passion and compassion, or lose their capacity for both en route. Thus, at the end of each of Green's books we find that we have not been moved, that in the main we have read an exercise, that the promise of fresh vision which the author's off-center focus hinted at has been fulfilled only in isolated sections. The boundaries of our experience have been stretched now and again, but instead of remaining permanently enlarged, they quickly return to their original dimensions.

In an age of confused values with no common ground, no public myth, the shedding of a purer, clearer light can sometimes be accomplished by resorting to a neutral area, a disembodied setting, fantasy of some sort (as in Kafka and to some extent in Green), an intermingling of what is conventionally considered real with what is agreed to be unreal. Charles Williams, who died in 1945, attempts by the machinery of science-fiction (but with poetry and mysticism) to extend the limits of our experience beyond the stolid fictions of fixed time and space and the clear demarcation between such contraries as life-death, natural-supernatural, visible-invisible. In his novels, "solid and present" reality merges with past, future, distant and timeless reality; the dead and living meet and interact, the natural and supernatural, the visible and invisible melt together. Williams tries also to make palpable such abstractions as Good and Evil, which he pits against each other on the special ground he chooses for that purpose. His novels are generally variations on the Faust theme in which men vainly

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seek access to power and insight beyond their human means; in *Many Dimensions* the power device is the Tetragammaton, in *War in Heaven*, the Holy Grail, in *The Greater Trumps*, the original tarot cards. In Williams' books Redeeming Love always conquers all.

For T. S. Eliot, C. S. Lewis and many others who are poised for the stimulus that will lift them to cosmic values and feelings, Charles Williams' novels have proved efficient catalysts. (My guess would have been that, despite the novels' surface urbanity, elite believers would shun them, but W. H. Auden supplies the clue to my error and to those reviewers who compare Williams with Donne, Dante and Henry James, when he says of Williams: "I think he's an uncertain craftsman, but I don't care.") For this reader, however, they remain—despite frequent effective passages and an intelligence that attracts and charms—patent fabrications, in which the machinery creaks audibly, the prose is often awkward and flat, and the telling of each morality tale takes ages too long. A few lines of Eliot create more of an experience than an entire Williams novel. Williams, as he strives and strives for an effect, becomes boring, then preposterous.

Williams lacks purity of artistic purpose and means. Thus, in *The Greater Trumps* he gives us a rather ordinary love story, enacted by puppet characters, a confused science-fiction thriller with pseudo-psychological and pseudo-poetic overtones, and a superimposed morality fable. One ends by rejecting his Christian "grab-bag" novels, but respecting his broad, humanistic spirit.

Ivy Compton-Burnett (of whose numerous novels only two have so far appeared here: *Bullivant and the Lambs*, *Two Worlds and Their Ways*)[1] comes to us literally wreathed in praise and is already known to many as perhaps the most remarkable literary phenomenon of the day. Her geometrically precise novels, frozen in the late Victorian era, present, almost wholly through the medium of a unique, insanely lucid dialogue, variations on one basic theme: the tyranny of man over his fellow man and the horror beneath the surface of everyday life. Miss Compton-Burnett writes what her admirers call the "pure novel," bare, austere, schematized, the chilliest, most ironic high comedy she can distill. Withal, her intention is tragedy; but her method undermines this intention. Although she seeks to gain contrast by framing her horror with a bygone world of good manners and good form, she so denudes this world that her implicit values become little more than pawns in an idle game. What it adds up to is a sophisticated puppet-show. All her excellences—her restraint, her mad Alice-in-Wonderland wit (which, grim and sharp though it be at times, is largely drawing-room wit), her knowledge of human frailty, her fine feeling for children, her stylistic purity—all these fail to make up for this central lack of flesh-and-blood and of spiritual tension.

In her novels people commit incest and adultery, lie, cheat, steal, kill, destroy each other daily in subtler ways—and hate themselves for doing so. But none of this is really more disturbing than the breaking of a teacup that may accompany our discovery of the crimes. The dialogue for the next fifty pages may depend on the revealed atrocity, but the more her characters talk, the less significance remains. And always at the end, what would conventionally be cataclysmic events are swallowed invisibly in the sea of family life and all goes on seemingly as before. One can say, "Life is like that" and conjecture that by analogy we are being told that our existence has become pure dumb-show without meaning, that chicanery and murder no longer shock us, that behind the façade of our laws, manners and thinned-out emotions our society is tottering. But this is not a new story, and she does not illuminate it.

Tours de force—all Miss Compton-Burnett's novels seem to fall into this category—are generally most effective if restricted in compass. If she limited herself to novella length, she might have to resort to narration at times, but I suspect her stylistic and conceptual gifts would, in the shorter form, result in creations of far greater impact. One test of a novelist's stature is to chart his development. Perhaps the perspective of time will reveal a pattern now obscured, but it would appear that since 1925 Miss Compton-Burnett has progressed only in details; in major factors such as method, style, basic theme, there has been little change.

Joyce Cary (*The Moonlight*, *Herself Surprised*, *To Be a Pilgrim*, *The Horse's Mouth*) alone of the novelists under discussion here escapes the ultimate chilliness that pervades the work of the other three. He is also the most entertaining. Enormously inventive, endowed with energy and a profound comic sense, often minting his language fresh for the immediate purpose, he also has the touch of the master who knows where he's going and takes you along firmly by the arm.

As reviewers were quick to note, Cary is in the great picaresque, extrovert tradition of Defoe and Fielding, and can achieve the kind of solidity in characterization and background, the full sense of life we associate with Tolstoy or the early Thomas Mann. And he accomplishes literary and imaginative feats of a high order with seeming effortlessness. Little wonder that he has been called "an oasis in the desert of modern fiction." But it is an oasis that seems to have survived nearly intact from another age; Cary (notwithstanding the Freudian elements in *The Moonlight* and other tinges of modernity) is really a turn-of-the-century writer. Yet he, too, is tainted, and in the end fails to concern or involve us, to invest his experience with import. At times (particularly in *The Horse's Mouth*) it almost appears that he deliberately avoids doing so, as if only anarchy (not as a forceful value but a kind of fog pervading existence) were admissible or possible today. Thus, the form says one thing, the substance another, and since the two may be discussed separately but can be experienced only as one, the whole finally falls apart or is revealed never to have fused at all. That is what gives his novels—well-rounded and craftsmanlike though they are—a meandering, improvisational quality which in a lesser artist would be fatal. The net effect, for all the fine writing and modulation, the brilliance and psychological insight, is a kind of superior, non-sentimental, Steinbeck-Saroyan tale of vagrants, Bohemians or adventurers, who for Cary, too, serve as embodiments of that integrity of the indi-

[1]Miss Compton-Burnett's novels are published by Harcourt, Brace; Joyce Cary's novels are published by Harper.

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vidual conscience which today must be both the source and measure of value.

There, of course, is the nub of contemporary society's problem and the artist's. For it is a truism nowadays that the worth of the individual life has all but evaporated. By different means—of varying degrees of artistic validity—Henry Green, Charles Williams, Ivy Compton-Burnett and Joyce Cary all seek to recreate the individual, but like Humpty-Dumpty their patient as yet stubbornly resists being put together again.

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RUSSIA'S BACK DOOR

PIVOT OF ASIA, by Owen Lattimore (Little, Brown; $3.50).

SINKIANG is a high and beautiful wasteland in Inner Asia where mountains and deserts roll parallel to each other for almost a thousand uninterrupted miles. Its cycles of violence and peace, submission and revolt, have interested travelers and scholars since the first Buddhist monks bore the faith over the Himalayas and through the oases from India and China.

No American knows more about this strange and wonderful world than Owen Lattimore, whose first two books on Inner Asia, *Desert Road to Turkestan* and *High Tartary*, have assumed the rank of modern classics. They are learned, gracefully written and exciting.

It does Lattimore no injustice to say that his latest valuable and necessary book, *Pivot of Asia*, falls substantially short of his great travel accounts of the nineteen-thirties. No man can be expected to strike off a classic each time he sets title to a book, and in his present work Lattimore has accomplished an important service: to bring together in compact form all the information that American scholars have been able to accumulate on one of the most sensitive and little-known areas of the world.

The thesis—and title—stems from the fact that Sinkiang sprawls across the heart of Asia where the cultures of China and the Soviet Union meet directly, and the two, in turn, touch hands with India and the Moslem world across the hump of the Himalayas and the Hindu Kush. All of these cultures and communities are now in ferment and the point where they meet is "a new center of gravity in the world"—one which the United States can scarcely ignore. This land may be remote from the kind of power that America disposes, but, Lattimore holds, the political turbulence set up by the currents flowing into it must have effects far beyond its geographical limits.

Pivot of Asia is a coöperative project, pulled together by Lattimore from the learning and researches of seven collaborators; thus the chapters vary in smoothness, texture and accuracy.

All travelers through Sinkiang have been fascinated by the diversity of the communities that successive waves of conquest and flight have deposited at the oases during the past thousand years. One of Lattimore's chapters, "Peoples of Sinkiang," is exceptional for the compact account it gives of the four million people of this province. He clarifies the race and language classifications that have confused other writers; and the six pages on the Uigurs —whose population of 2,900,000 gives them racial dominance at all the oases —provide more information about these Turkic-speaking people than this reviewer has found anywhere else. The first two chapters are, similarly, a remarkably successful summary of Inner Asia's 2,000 years of history. And the appendices, crammed with information on everything from oil to poetry, are scholarly nuggets.

Pivot of Asia has two weaknesses. First, the title theme has been overplayed. However important Sinkiang may once have been in the power politics of Inner Asia, it is now simply a community of people clotted between the two most enormous Communist powers of the globe. If a break comes between these powers it will be because of what develops in the new Communism at Peking or in the old Communism at Moscow. Sinkiang must be watched for strains that may develop between its surrounding titans, but the great decisions of Asia will pivot elsewhere.

Second, the fragmentary account of events in Sinkiang since Sheng Shih-tsai came to power seems highly inaccurate. Lattimore here bases much of his narrative on material culled from the Chinese press or foreign correspondents' dispatches and does not sufficiently warn the reader of the extent to which these reports were dependent on rumor and gossip. This reviewer, who spent some time in Sinkiang during the period discussed, would reject certain tales as uncheckable rumor, despite the fact that he could not supply a trustworthy substitute. No one knows the real tale of what happened in Sinkiang from that clear spring afternoon of 1942 when Sheng Shih-tsai's younger brother was assassinated in his garden (Sheng, it should be noted, strangled Mao Tze-tung's youngest brother "in revenge"), down to the present day. Except, perhaps, the rival secret police, who probably have by now killed each other off. If Lattimore's account of these events is inaccurate, it is almost certain that no one will provide a sounder one; yet I feel that he should have stressed its unreliability.

The most valuable service this book provides is the understanding of how Russia looks from the back door. Seen from Central Asia, not from the civilized liberties of Western life, Soviet civilization wears a different face. Its brutalities seem less repulsive, its achievements more striking to people who need only be wooed away from the cruelty of Oriental landlordism and the corruption of Oriental bureaucracy.

In 1930 the Russians finished their Turkish railway to the threshold of Sinkiang (a Chinese province whose nominal suzerains, a thousand railless miles beyond the mountains to the west, left it to the mercy of an antique bureaucracy). From then on, the influence of Soviet commerce, culture and civilization became ever more pronounced in the oases of Inner Asia. Lattimore points out that for the Moslem, Turkic-speaking farmers and shepherds of Central Asia—as for other backward colonial peoples—Soviet successes in education and organization represent a new and higher level of life. Whoever wishes to challenge the Soviets for the loyalty of such people, Lattimore implies, must understand this attraction and then outbid it.

THEODORE H. WHITE

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tasy involving a lot of technological mumbo-jumbo and the most painstaking trick photography designed to illustrate the gravitational inconveniences of interplanetary travel. These matters are handled with dazzling skill: the space rocket is a sinister monster of ingenuity; the voyagers, freed from Newton's apple tree, float about in their control room like paralyzed fish in a bowl; and the Technicolor moonscape has been constructed (with the best scientific advice) by master fabricators of papier-mâché.

But the epochal take-off that sets all this talent in motion is delayed for a good half-hour while the pioneers explain to one another that their exploit is one more triumph of American free enterprise and that they are off to the moon to prevent it from falling, another satellite, into the Russian orbit. Movie makers are being responsible to a fault when they decide that a shot at the moon must be given social point by the introduction of NAM slogans and iron-curtain jitters.

Or consider "The White Tower," another tale of derring-do in full color. Here we see a young fanatic (Valli) determined to climb the deadliest peak in the Swiss Alps to lay the ghost of her father who died on its high slopes. For purposes of dramatic clash, we may accept the fact that she permits two such decrepit gentlemen as Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Claude Rains (the latter suffering from dipsomaniac shakes) to join her desperate sally. But why should our pleasure in the authentic and superb Alpine scenery and in the spectacle of other people risking their necks be spoiled by having the picture, halfway to the summit, degenerate into a debate on the relative merits of democracy and National Socialism? The message of "The White Tower" is that a freedom-loving American (Glenn Ford) with no mountaineering experience is a better man on a dash to the summit than a Nazi German (Lloyd Bridges) who has spent his whole life in such scrambles. The statement is both untrue and as beside the point as muscular arguments usually are. A secondary theme—that it is better to be loved than to climb the highest mountain—is true and sufficient for the purpose of the picture. Glenn Ford, who has previously seemed to me stiffly censorious, plays his impudent Yankee with ingratiating nonchalance. Oscar Homolka, the Swiss guide, looks as strong and forthright as the mountain.

Or observe, finally, "The Next Voice You Hear . . . ," which imagines that God has manifested Himself on the radio to chide his slack flock. The message in this case is not so much inappropriate as inadequate. The Greek drama knew, and we forget at the peril of looking silly, that gods are not to be lightly summoned to the stage. If, as in Dore Shary's sentimental morality play, God appears only to utter doting platitudes, the end is a long way from justifying the means. God speaks six times in the course of this picture and, though a series of cute devices are employed to get around the awkward problem of actually dubbing the Almighty onto a sound track, we are told that His voice is most striking—better even than Lionel Barrymore's is the script's comparison. That parallel is just a little too apt, because what the voice says, as given in stenographic reports, is very much the sort of homily Barrymore has been employed to repeat for the past 20 years. The voice of God, even at second-hand, should do more than make us sniff moistly in self-indulgent bathos.

"The Next Voice You Hear . . ." is worked out, story and characters, with meticulous plausibility. Mr. and Mrs. Average Smith, in whose California bungalow home we watch the divine family counselor at work, eat and talk and dream middle-class clichés from dry cereal in the morning to a glass of warm milk "on retiring." James Whitmore and Nancy Davis, in the leads, achieve perfect facsimiles of facsimiles, the difficult and rather melancholy end now sought in Hollywood domestic comedy. In their case the impression of iterated counterfeit is heightened by the fact that Whitmore's resemblance to Spencer Tracy is exceeded only by Miss Davis' likeness to Jane Wyman. As a comment on the manners and morals of present-day America, "The Next Voice You Hear . . ." resembles nothing so much as a mirror held up to a mirror.

ROBERT HATCH

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